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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE BEAR AND HIS MASTER.

A Bear who Professed great affection for his Master, observing that a Fly troubled his Sleep, undertook to Brush the Insect off, with a Boulder weighing about a Ton. — MORAL: Republican Protection is an Expensive Luxury.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 18th, 1889.—No. 654.

PUCK this week contains 18 pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ONE YEAR AGO LAST JUNE, before the advent of the present Administration, there were 326,835 pensioners of the War of the Rebellion on the government rolls, who had served, or who were supposed to have served in that war. Over 28,500 of these men had had their names added to the roll within the year—under an Administration which was accused of hostility to the Veteran of the Union Army. There were also 90,882 pensioners who were widows or other dependents of soldiers killed in battle. In all, there were 417,717 pensioners, each one being or representing a man who had fought in the War for the Union. Pensions are granted, under our laws, only for death or disability. Therefore we must infer from these statistics that in the course of the four years war with less than 700,000 Confederate troops, over 400,000 of our men were killed, wounded or disabled by disease, exposure or privation: their disability being such as to call for permanent government aid. And as other statistics show us that there were well-nigh 300,000 deaths in the Union Army—from wounds and disease—during the war, we may fairly assume that the total number of men who were killed or disabled was over 500,000.

If, then, the war killed or disabled every fourth man, we must have had two million men in the field. We are willing to leave it to the natural common sense of any man who reads this page to decide for himself whether:

I.—The Union Army had two million men in the field between 1861 and 1865.

II.—One man out of every four men of the Union Army was killed or so injured or weakened as to need government assistance.

We do not believe that any one who will take the slightest trouble to inquire into the matter will bring himself to believe that there were two million soldiers engaged in the war, on the Union side, or that 25 per cent. of our soldiers were so injured by wounds or sickness as to become incapable of supporting themselves. Of course, there were many more than two million enlistments. But these include the re-enlistments and second or third re-enlistments of hundreds of thousands of men who joined the army for short terms and staid in it to fight the fight out. They also include—not to mention the two classes in the same sentence—some two hundred thousand known deserters, and a vast number of bounty-jumpers, never to be counted, who made a profession of enlisting, drawing their bounties, deserting, and enlisting again in some fresh place. These rascals swelled the rolls, but not the ranks.

How, then, has it come about that, in the face of these figures, nearly three hundred and twenty-seven thousand veterans and over ninety-three thousand widows and children of veterans are to-day drawing pensions? It has come about through the pension agents. The business of these men began toward the end of the war. They were useful middlemen between the disabled veterans and the pension office. But the deserving veterans—nine-tenths of them—got their pensions long ago. Then the pension agents had to *make* business. They made it by seducing old soldiers; by persuading them to swear that their present weaknesses and ailments were the result of injuries incurred during the war. These agents have got their commissions, and have tarnished the honor of thousands of men who were brave and honest before they were tempted beyond their strength.

There is nothing nobler in this world than to serve one's country. There are few things that are meaner than to cheat her. In this business of pensions, some thousands of men are to-day cheating their country. We do not believe that these men are the patriots who fought bravely through the war to save their country. The letters which we have

received from veterans of the war for the Union assure us that our protest against an organized debasement of patriotism is well-timed and well-judged. We will let one of these veterans speak for himself:

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I want to thank you most sincerely for your editorial of this week, suggested by the inscription on a stone over the grave of a Union Soldier. And I feel like giving you just a little bit of autobiography.

I was twenty-one years of age on the day that President Lincoln wrote his first call for troops. I had an almost irresistible impulse to enlist then; but on account of certain business engagements that I had just entered upon, which, if I broke, would entail loss upon a valued friend, I put off going to the War until about eight months subsequently. The regiment I was with served in Florida and Louisiana for two years and a half, then re-enlisted, and was sent to Maryland and Virginia, taking part in the final campaign, ending with the surrender of Lee. I served as a non-commissioned officer for two years, and was then promoted to a Lieutenantancy. I was fortunate enough never to be wounded; but a year and a half in the lowlands of Louisiana did some injury to a physical constitution not strong or rugged naturally.

I found upon my return that some of my friends had the advantage of me in pecuniary affairs, they having made money during the four years of the War. But I accepted the situation, and "buckled to my work with all the energy I possessed," receiving at first ten dollars per week. And now, after having had a quarter of a century to work in, and having worked all that time, I am, to quote your words, "a middle-aged man of business, so placed in life that I need to ask favors of no human being, too independent, too honestly and wholesomely proud to take any money that I have not earned."

The Government did for me all and more than it agreed to; and if I had been killed it would have provided assistance for my aged parents, who were dependent on me; and if disabled, would have granted me a pension.

To-day one of the greatest satisfactions I have is that it was my privilege to spend three years and a half in helping to preserve the union of my beloved country.

I can bring before my mind now a number of my comrades, whose experience was and is similar to mine. They enlisted; they held positions as non-commissioned officers; they received commissions; they came home with sound minds, whole limbs and fair health; they applied themselves to work, and by industry and prudence attained comfortable circumstances in life.

But one of these receives a pension. He needs it less than any of his comrades, and it seems to me that the grounds on which he obtained it were trivial, although they may be according to law. He undoubtedly has some satisfaction in getting a pension-check every three months, but I have far greater gratification because I do not get it.

There are thousands of true and loyal men who served in the War to the best of their ability; who are now in the peaceful pursuits of ordinary life; who do not go around wearing a big badge, so every one can see it; who are not always boasting of what they did; who do not *claim* positions or money on account of having served in the Army, but who are glad that they had some share in putting down Rebellion, and feel that they only did what was their duty when they fought for the Union.

Edw. G. Sherley.

Late 91st, N. Y.

ALBANY, Aug. 30th, 1889.



EXPRESSIVE FRENCH.

BRISROW (to his Guide).—Well, good-by, Sontereau; We've had a rough time of it, but we've killed some salmon.

SONTEREAU (contemptuously and interrogatively).—Oui!?

THE BATTLE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

AS TOLD BY CONTEMPORARY JOURNALS.

I.

Editorial from the N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 18th, 1899.
WAR DECLARED.

The die is cast. War is declared, and at last official action has formally sundered the relations which we have held with the mother country since the close of the War of 1812.



We hail the issue with rejoicing. The patriots who defend their fisheries in 1899 are the lineal descendants of those who resisted unjust taxation in 1776 and of those who in 1812 refused to submit to conscription upon the high seas. Let traitors and Mugwumps try to confuse the question as they will, true Americans know that we are fighting for our rights now as then. The impudent pretence that this combat has been in any way brought about by our perhaps premature recognition of the late Republic of Ireland is too frivolous to be worth a moment's consideration. Deeply as we may regret the cruel extinction of that unhappy government after three brief weeks of existence, sincerely as we may deplore the mistaken, yet generous sense of loyalty that has induced thousands of that brave but conquered people to offer their services to the tyrant whose heel is hardly removed from their stricken neck, and to voluntarily join the army that is to be hurled against



the land of their sympathizers, we must, as reasonable men, see that the disastrous events of last month have no connection with our present quarrel with Great Britain. We fight to-day to avenge the seizure of the catboat G. W. Porgie, and by this act to establish the rights of thousands of our toiling fishermen, who are equally entitled to the protection of the government with the proudest citizen of the land. It is true that the challenge has come from Great Britain; but it is gladly taken up, and the myriads who will rush to defend America's proud name will teach a decrepit oligarchy the irresistible power of a free people, leaping of their own accord to the support of the principles which band them together.

The die is cast. Let the war begin!

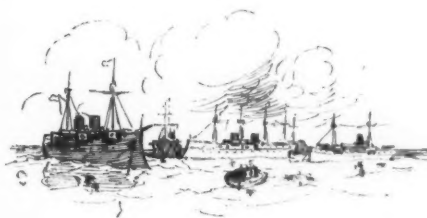
II.

News Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 18th, 1899.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 17th. — A conversation with Secretary Macy, at the War Department,

this morning, enables your correspondent to confirm the news sent yesterday. President Wanamaker's scheme of national defence is fully matured, and will be carried out on the lines already indicated. The *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Vesuvius*, *Perry*, *Charter Oak* and *Dunderberg*, with such other vessels as may be ready for service before Monday, will sail on Monday morning for Halifax, to head off the first installment of the British fleet, under Sir Charles Beresford. This is understood, from dispatches received yesterday by way of Havre, to consist of three gunboats, the *Amphitrite*, *Terror* and *Minotaur*, with six transport ships, of which the slowest are the old *City of Paris* and *Teutonic*. It is supposed that these ships carry between ten and twelve thousand men, intended to aid in the defense of Canada. If they sailed, as reported, on Thursday night, last, they should reach Halifax early Wednesday morning, and find Commodore Denning, with the advance-guard of our naval fleet, waiting for them.

No change has been made in the plan of the military campaign. The strongest of the militia



regiments are being moved forward to the seaboard as rapidly as possible: the regiments of new recruits are to be massed on the Canada frontier in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, where they will be joined by three regiments of regulars and by the 2nd Connecticut militia and the 22nd and 71st of New York, with possibly the 23rd of Brooklyn. These well-trained men are sent to steady the new hands in their march on Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa.

III.

Editorial from the N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 19th, 1899.

IN SAFE HANDS.

Nothing could be more conclusively convincing of President Wanamaker's fitness for the high position that he occupies than the announcement of his plan of campaign in the war that is about to begin. To the militia he assigns the task of defending the coast-line, where preparations for fortification are going forward with the utmost rapidity. Aided by three regiments of regulars and a few picked



militia regiments, he throws the vast mass of the newly-enlisted volunteers, the 27th, 30th, 31st, 48th, 51st, 59th, 68th, 79th and 80th New York Volunteers, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of Pennsylvania, the 14th and 15th of New Jersey, the 38th of Ohio, the 19th of Connecticut, the 17th and 18th of Massachusetts, the 4th, 5th and 6th of Maine, the 4th and 5th of Vermont, and the 7th and 8th of New Hampshire, straight upon the Canada frontier, to carve their way through the woods,

and float the flag of the United States over Quebec's proud citadel, in the heart of Montreal, and over Ottawa's House of Parliament. President Wanamaker's wisdom is most clearly and unmistakably proven by the comments of the Democratic and Mugwump press on this masterly scheme of war. In their base and brutal attack on the new recruits we recognize the old rebel yell and the hiss of the copperhead. "These recruits," they say, "are new to the business of war, unskilled, undisciplined. It is not safe to entrust to them the task of conquering a country and reducing citadels whose natural advantages make them all but impregnable." These recruits are indeed "raw," if the Mugwumps will have it so; but so were the recruits who fought under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Foraker and Halleck. These are — as those were — the best blood of the country, leaping proudly to her defense in the hour of danger. These will march to victory as did those, and in the hour of their triumph neither Democrat nor Mugwump will dare to discharge his venom upon the brave defenders of the country which he would fain betray.

President Wanamaker holds the reins of government at Washington. Let the war go on!

IV.

Headlines, First Column, 1st Page, N. Y. Sun,
Sept. 19th, 1899.

THEY ARE PILING IN!

Recruits on the Rush for Uncle Sam's Headquarters.

Seventy Thousand Three Hundred and Eleven
Gathered in Within Three Days.

All the Recruiting Offices working Over Time.
— Standing in Line to get into Uncle Sam's Army. — Where will 1900's Vote come from if Our Boys don't get back to Register! — Facts and Figures by the SUN'S Young Men.

V.

Headlines, First Column, 1st Page, N. Y. Sun,
Sept. 20th, 1899.

REPEATING AS A FINE ART.

Uncle Sam's Raw Recruits Skip over the Fence and Enlist Again.

SPOTTED BY THE SUN'S YOUNG MEN.

1798 REPEATERS IN ONE DAY.

How they Escape from the Barracks and Work the Recruiting Offices like a Free Lunch Route. — Timothy O'Reagan, the Hero of Eleven Enlistments. — Jumping the Fence at the Battery Barracks. — Interesting Facts for President Wanamaker to Ponder.



VI.

From the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 21st, 1899.

One of the SUN's young men spent all day yesterday in the City Hall Barracks, and those

who want to know how things are going on inside the government hotel must read this account, as it is likely to be the first and last of the sort. General Macy's rule excluding all reporters has been rigidly enforced by Colonel Ehrich and Major Ridley. The SUN man got in only by concealing his proud position and adopting the disguise of a bum-boat man, so to speak. He sold eleven pairs of suspenders, forty-nine papers of tobacco, twenty-three oranges, two dozen apples, six



shoe-laces, a pair of scissors and a dream-book, and acquired a large amount of miscellaneous information.

The most important item of this information is that there is plenty of foundation for the reports that have crept out concerning the discontent among the new recruits. They don't like being shut up in barracks, and they are n't satisfied with their pay. The prospect of conquering Canada and homesteading 160 acres of land they find alluring; but, as private R. E.



O'Connor of the 90th N. Y. Volunteers inquired: "Pfwat's the good of a hundhred an' sixty acres of land if you ain't got no money to work it? Pfwat's twenty dollars a month but an aggravation?" Twenty dollars a month is better pay than any other soldiers get; but Uncle Sam's boys are not satisfied with it. "We're saving the nation," said one of them, "and if there's any money being made in this country, it's ours by rights." Such remarks were frequently heard as the SUN's young man proceeded on his tour of the great, close, hot barracks, peddling suspenders and taking mental note of facts interesting to SUN readers.

VII.

Editorial from the N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 22nd, 1899.

THE LOWEST LEVEL OF BASENESS.

The inconceivably shameless mendacity of the Democrats and Mugwumps has enabled them at last to reach in ignoble triumph, the very bottom level of traitorous malice. Nothing more utterly iniquitous can the human mind conceive of than the slanderous intimations of the copperhead journals of 1899 that disaffection and even insubordination have been discovered among the new troops on the Canada frontier. This is the last word of treachery, to slander the nation's defenders as they stand between us and the foe—to wrong the heroes who have leaped to arms at their country's call, and to impute sordid aims and ends to the grand phalanx of patriotic Americans

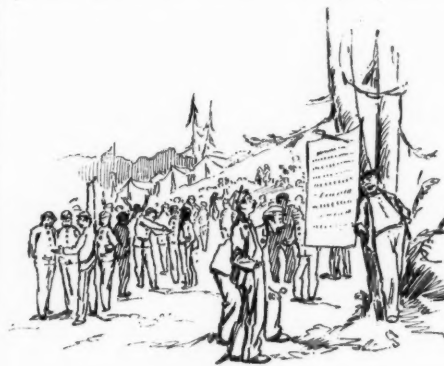
whose souls are as pure and free as the air of Maine that fills their nostrils.

No matter what Democrats and Mugwumps may say, the war will go on!

VIII.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 23rd, 1899.

GREENVILLE, Me., Sept. 22nd.—The situation here is pretty awkward, in spite of the efforts that are being made to hide the true state of affairs and prevent the awkwardness from coming to a head. It is not a pleasant story to tell; but the SUN prints the news, and here are the facts. There are thirty-one regiments organized into ten brigades, constituting Altmann's and Simpson's divisions, strung out between here and Fort O'Neill on the frontier. Of these regiments three are regulars, three National Guard, and the rest new men. At least sixteen of these new regiments are in a state bordering



on insubordination—not the privates only; but the officers, from the colonels down. That is, the colonels and other commissioned officers make a show of pretending to obey orders; but they obey them after their own fashion. The 31st New York and the 23rd Pennsylvania were ordered forty-eight hours ago to march to Fort Perego, about eleven miles north of this post. They broke camp after sixteen hours delay, and they are not yet reported arrived at the Fort, although they have easy marching on a fair military road.

The SUN's correspondent has endeavored to sift the many rumors concerning a secret organization; but it is difficult to settle the question. The men deny point blank that they are organized in any but a military way. They talk freely of their grievances, and are unanimous in the opinion that the government should guarantee them service pensions after discharge and should increase the regular pay by at least 50 per cent. A few hot heads talk openly of deserting in a body; but they are squelched by the wiser ones. As far as can be discovered, there is no disaffection among the militia or the regulars. But it looks as if there were going to be fun ahead.

IX.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 24th, 1899.

FORT O'NEILL, Sept. 23rd.—The Army has struck. The Protective Order of National Defenders issued its manifesto at noon to-day, and announced that the regiments belonging to the organization would remain passive until their demands were granted. The regiments concerned are, as far as known at present, the 31st, 48th, 51st, 59th, 68th, 79th and 80th N. Y. Vols., the three Pennsylvania Regiments, the 14th and 15th N. J., 38th Ohio, 18th Mass., 6th Maine, and 8th N. H. Vols.

X.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 25th, 1899.

FORT O'NEILL, Sept. 24th.—The strike is an assured fact. The "passive" regiments form ten camps, apparently thoroughly organized, and under the complete control of their leaders. The head man of the Order seems to be John Mc Cracken, the color-sergeant of the 31st New York. His aides are William O'Brien, Peter Skillen, F. Tostig, G. Caparelli and Peter Leczsinsk. They announce that they will preserve order and commit no disturbance unless attacked. At the same time, they threaten that blood will be shed should the regulars or militia attempt to move in any direction. The demands made in the manifesto are too numerous to quote in full. Most of them relate to the comfort and maintenance of the troops. The most important demands are for pay and pensions. The order demands that every private shall receive \$25.00 a month during service, with a pension of \$20.00 a month after his discharge, \$30.00 a month if wounded, however slightly, \$50.00 if maimed by the loss of a hand, and so on in an ascending scale. Officers are to receive proportionate sums. The full text of the manifesto was telegraphed to the War Department this morning, and President Wanamaker's probable action is the subject of much heated discussion. As the Order is expected to strike to-morrow in the Army of the Mississippi, and to-day in the Army of the South, it is generally believed that compliance with its demands will alone enable the government to carry on the war.

XI.

Editorial from the N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 25th, 1899.

LEAVE IT TO THE PRESIDENT.

How hard the Democrats and Mugwumps are pressed for sensational news is shown by the mad eagerness with which they have striven to make a mountain out of the molehill of insubordination which has appeared among the troops in Maine. There seems to be no doubt, judging from the tenor of our news dispatches, that some disaffection exists among the troops on the frontier. It is even possible that one or two of the regiments at the front have so far forgot the dignity of their position as to make demands which are, on the face of them, absurd, and with which no compliance is possible.

But to take the mutiny of a few irresponsible privates for a general insubordination, or, as some of our contemporaries are pleased to style it, a strike, is a truly Democratic—we might even say a Mugwump trick.

The citizens of the United States need not be long in doubt as to the issue of this most mistaken attempt of a few thoughtless agitators and their dupes. The same statesmanship which has guided the nation so far in this time of doubt and difficulty will direct her dealings with her erring children. The administration of President Wanamaker will crush out this pitiful incipient rebellion with a firm foot, and will bring the poor handful of rebels to a sense of their contemptible insignificance. It is not likely that a few dozen hot-headed raw recruits will dictate the policy of the grandest administration that has ever presided over the destinies of the United States.

XII.

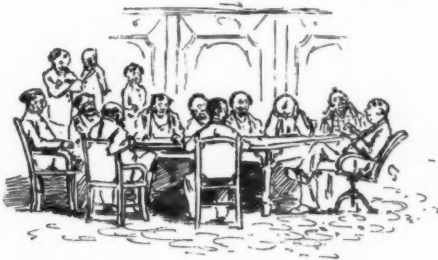
Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 26th, 1899.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25th.—It is a certain and unquestionable fact that President Wanamaker has determined not to give in to the army strikers. It is generally rumored that a grand *coup* may be expected; but its nature is not known as yet.

XIII.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 27th, 1899.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26th. — It is known that President Wanamaker called a meeting of



his cabinet early this morning. The cabinet is still in session. A cable message from Hamburg, via Drontheim and Norwegian cable, says that there is great excitement in Downing Street, and that Lord Churchill has been in consultation with his cabinet since noon. Important revelations may be expected shortly.

XIV.

Headlines, First Column, 1st Page, N. Y. Sun, Sept. 28th, 1899.

CASH!!!!!!
The War Ended!!
PRESIDENT WANAMAKER SETTLES IT ON A CASH BASIS.

England Puts Down Her Hands for \$197,000,000 Indemnity.

THE ARMY STRIKE DOES IT.

Peace at Any Price is Cheaper than War with the Order of Protective Defenders.

A CHANCE TO MAKE PLOUGHSHARES.

The English Government Consents to Call the War Off for an Indemnity of One Hundred and Ninety-Seven Million. — President Wanamaker Fixes It by Cable. — The Whole Business Settled in Seven Hours, and the Strikers Left in Maine to Eat Caribou. The Estimated Saving to the United States will be over \$5,104,021,200.

XV.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 29th, 1899.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28th. — President Wanamaker has made his grand coup, and it re

mains to be seen whether it lands him in the White House for a third term or in Salt River for the rest of his political existence. The final negotiations with the British Government were concluded at ten o'clock this evening. The war is at an end — before it had a chance to begin — England is \$197,000,000 richer, and the United States has saved, according to the figuring of President Wanamaker's Cabinet, \$5,104,021,200. Such, in brief, is the situation. The processes by which it was arrived at were simple. Allowing 276,000 privates, and non-commissioned officers drawing \$25.00 per month during the war, with \$20.00 a month pension, passing to their widows at their decease, and estimating the life of a pension, (on the basis of the subsequencies of the last war) at 40 years, with 19,714 commissioned officers, drawing on an average \$150 monthly pay, with an average of \$50 monthly pension, it is obvious that, exclusive of the other expenses of the war, which might safely be expected to amount to \$500,000,000 in one year, the addition to the national indebtedness must amount, should the war last only a twelve-month, to \$3,741,021,200.



At this rate, it is unquestionably far cheaper to compromise with the British Government for \$197,000,000. It would be practically impossible, moreover, to float a loan of \$600,000,000, as things stand now, at less than 6½ or 7% interest. The simple interest account on this one item would therefore bring the extraordinary indebtedness up to \$1,560,000,000 by the end of a term of 40 years — supposing taxation to cover all subsequent expenses. So that President Wanamaker has saved the nation over \$5,104,021,200. According to his statement, Honor is saved also.

XVI.

Editorial from the N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 29th, 1899.

President Wanamaker could have given no more signal proof of his superb statesmanship than the success of his recent negotiations with the English Government. Without the loss of a single life, with the sacrifice only of a few millions of dollars, readily to be collected through the medium of the custom house, he has avoided a bloody and expensive war, which would have sapped the manhood of our nation and severed our most important business connections. The readiness of the English to compromise on the terms which we offered, and which give them but a few millions margin of profit over their actual expenditures for the



prosecution of the war, shows their weakness and our strength. The result is a virtual triumph for the United States, or, rather, for the Republican party, the wisdom of whose leaders has brought the threatened war to this happy conclusion. The gibes of the disaffected Copperhead press will only make President Wanamaker more secure in the affections of the people. He has united all classes in support of his broad and truly American policy. He has established the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, at the same time that he has shown conclusively that a war for which the people can not afford to pay presents a question to be met in a business spirit and settled on purely business principles. The brave soldiers who on the Canada frontier demanded that a soldier should receive a soldier's guerdon, and the millions of toiling citizens who stood behind them, ready to supply their every need, may alike be proud of President Wanamaker's statesmanship, that has averted the hideous war which the Democrats and the Mugwumps would have forced upon our country, helpless, save for its guiding spirit — Philadelphia's noblest son.

XVII.

Editorial from the N. Y. Sun, Sept. 30th, 1899.

And so the war is not to go on, in spite of our E. C., the *Tribune*. In fact, it went off before it had a chance to go on — before a blow was struck, or a drop of blood spilt.

It cost us, as far as it went, \$197,000,000 of indemnity, and a few more millions of expenses. So we are in \$5,000,000,000, and it was n't much of a war.

But never mind. The New York team has only two chances more to get ahead in the race for the baseball pennant, and the great grandson

of Hanover is likely to run for the Fall Handicap in better form than he has shown this season.

And Steve Loady is going to jump off the North River Bridge some time this month.

These are scraps of silver lining to the cloud.

We may be happy yet;

You bet.



PUCKERINGS.

IT IS WORTHY of mention that the kind of figures which won't lie are not enclosed in tailor-made suits.

THE POET who sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness should have joined the Philadelphia Odd Fellows.

IT IS NEVER too late to mend — Except when your trousers-button breaks off in a mad rush for the train.

WAS IT John Quincy Adams who furnished the English novelist with that wonderfully humorous idea of parting the American name in the middle with a Q?

MEN WILL STRIKE for shorter hours, but the earth continues to revolve at the same old speed.

YES, HOWELL, old age will make people turn contrary, but the rule works in all things. The old black shoe turns yellow and the yellow shoe turns black; there is no help for it.

NEVER THREATEN to kiss a pretty girl. Beg her pardon.

THE FARMER who disregards the predictions of the scientific weather prophet has the most unbounded faith in weather divination by woodchuck and ground-hog.

A MAN IS KNOWN by the company he keeps. That's why she prefers to be a sister to him.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE HEN would be all right if only billed as hickory-wood cock.

HER ANSWER.



"YOUNG VAN proposed to me last night."
 "You *can't* mean that?" "Indeed, it's true;
 Asked me to be his wife, outright."
 "Good gracious, dear! What *did* you do."
 "Poor boy! He looked so handsome, Nell."
 "Handsome! A clerk on weekly pay
 Ask you—a beauty and a belle!
 But tell me what he dared to say."
 "Well—first; he loved me;" "Oh, that
 part,
 Of course! What else?" "And that he
 thought
 I was the sort of girl whose heart
 Would never let itself be *bought*."

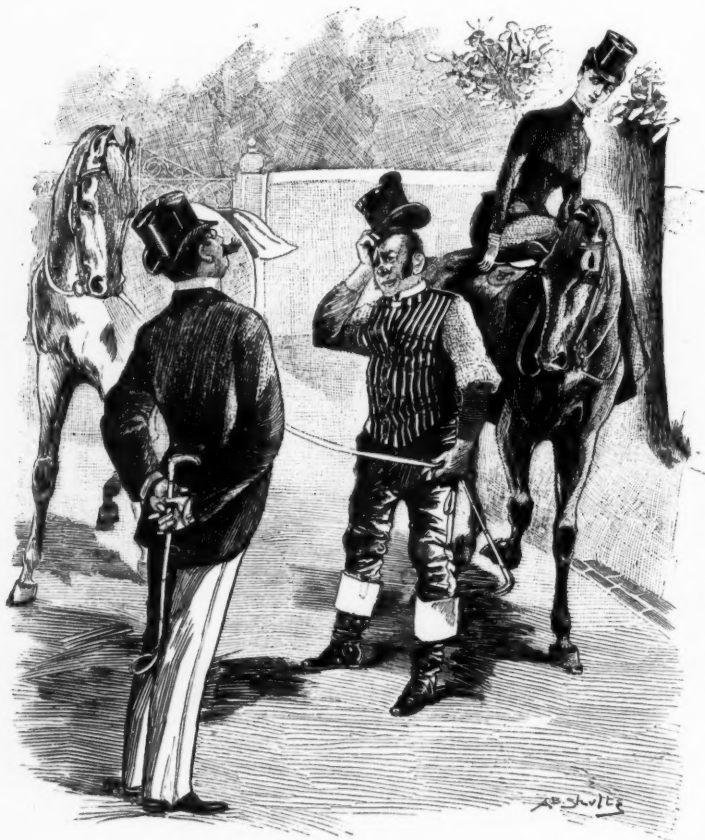
"He said he was a man—that I
 Was just a woman; equal so
 In youth, health, brain we stood, and—why,
 You'd think he never dreamed of no—

"That he was poor need be no bar—"
 "Well! what an attitude to take!"
 "For Love would prove the guiding star
 To fame and fortune, for my sake—

"And then he begged my heart and hand."
 "Such impudence!—who'd ever guess?—
 I hope you made him understand
 His place?" "I did—I told him 'Yes!'"

Madeline S. Bridges.

WE WANT to get in ahead of the rush, and say that the obviously proper name for our next representative yacht is "Looking Backward." It is a little hard on our English friends; but then there is another reason—it has the biggest boom of the season.



NATURAL.

REMSEN KUHNER (to his groom, with severity).—
 Stanley, I hear that you were a "little off" when you
 came home last night.
 STANLEY.—Yis, sor; it wor me noight off.



SHE HAD BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE SERVANTS.

HUSBAND.—My dear, the howling of that cat of ours is unbearable; I wish you would try to get rid of her!
 WIFE (drowsily).—Her month is up on Friday, and I'll send her away without a character!

TABITHA TWITTERS ON THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Hiram says he's goin' to try it, an' I'm a sorrowful woman this day. How often have I picted us goin' down the hillside of life, him a waddlin' peaceful-like by my side. The simigly of sheep has always been a fav'rite of mine, bein' both script'ral and nat'rally applyin'. But how can I meander down respectable with him turned into a gamblin' lamb? I've tried to grow old graceful, without any powderin' or paintin' or false fronts, and dressed becomin' to my years. But what kind of a figger am I goin' to cut alongside of him a-dudified and fixed up like a reg'lar old beau?

Talk of the vanity of woman! It is n't a drop in the bucket beside the vanity of man. I'm agreed with the gentleman that wrote "The greatest failin' of mankind is vanity."

In my mind's eye I see Hiram throwin' aside his faithful wig an' givin' his hair,—what's left of it,—a jaunty cut, an' struttin' down the avenue, may be with Luella Perkins by his side.

The papers are full of the effects* of this discov'ry, but who has cale'lated the effects of yokin' together May and December vice-versified? The ministry ought to take it up. Let them put it to the sheep of their pasturages that if this thing goes on there'll be no end of tragedies an' comedies an' diversities in fam'lies.

I need no prophetic seer to tell how it will end in the fam'ly of Twitters, for I behold myself carried to the grave with a broken heart, an' Hiram consolin' himself with Luella Perkins. And I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Tabitha Twitters.

UNDERTAKERS among our subscribers will regret to learn that the apple crop is unusually backward.

THE LONDON AERONAUTIC SOCIETY started a paper called *The Balloon*. It has gone up.

A WASHINGTON HACKMAN who caused a passenger to be arrested for refusing to pay an extortionate fare was non-suited, and himself fined fifty dollars and costs. This almost compensates for the election of Harrison.

REPUBLICS were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps, and then punch their heads.

MAN WANTS but little here below, but when he can't get it, he is in want of every thing.



TOOT!

ARABELLA had told me to come to Narragansett and I would have some fun. She said there were lots of girls there. So there were, but so was George. Arabella, however, had not mentioned him among the delights of the Pier. And girls—what were girls to me when they were not Arabella? And Arabella, what was she to me with George? And George was a fixture, he went with Arabella, and my presence seemed only to increase his attentions to her. I foresaw before I had been there a day that there was going to be mighty little fun ahead for me. Unless—unless I could have a little fun with George.

How?

This was the question that agitated my brain the second morning as I took my lonely whiskey and ginger ale on the casino balcony, while George and Arabella reveled in social cobbles on the piazza below.

Toot!

A sudden and awful paralysis seemed to have seized the entire assemblage. Every one stopped short in his or her occupation, talking, drinking, walking, eating, standing, sitting, as though that untuneful fish-horn were Gabriel's final trump. To my relief, the spell lasted but for a moment—almost instantly the chatter recommenced, and people went on about their affairs.

It was only the usual signal of some speculative photographer for the crowd to keep still while he snapped the shutter. In a day or two every one would go to the "studio" and buy a picture.

This was one of the principal excitements of the place. The stiller you remained when the horn was blown, the better you would come out in the view—and the view *might* be printed in one of the illustrated papers.

Toot!

This was only a rival "artist" bent on the same errand.

The effect was precisely the same as before. The habitués were evidently in good training.

Toot!

Tableau!

Photographers were plenty that morning, but apparently no one thought of disobeying that peremptory command.

Toot!

This was merely I, a few hours later, trying the note of a similar horn in the shop of a neighboring dealer in fishermen's supplies.

The questions which had been agitating my mind were: Did George really love Arabella? Did Arabella really love George? I had determined to find out, before wasting all my energies and a two week's vacation in a hopeless contest; for my intentions in regard to Arabella, though honorable, were not serious.

It was night. Arabella and George had retired, as on the evening before, to the remotest and darkest corner of the hotel piazza.

Toot!

A blinding flash, that revealed nothing, and that was all. Magnesium powder can be obtained at the drug-gist's for a few cents.

The next morning George received the following note:

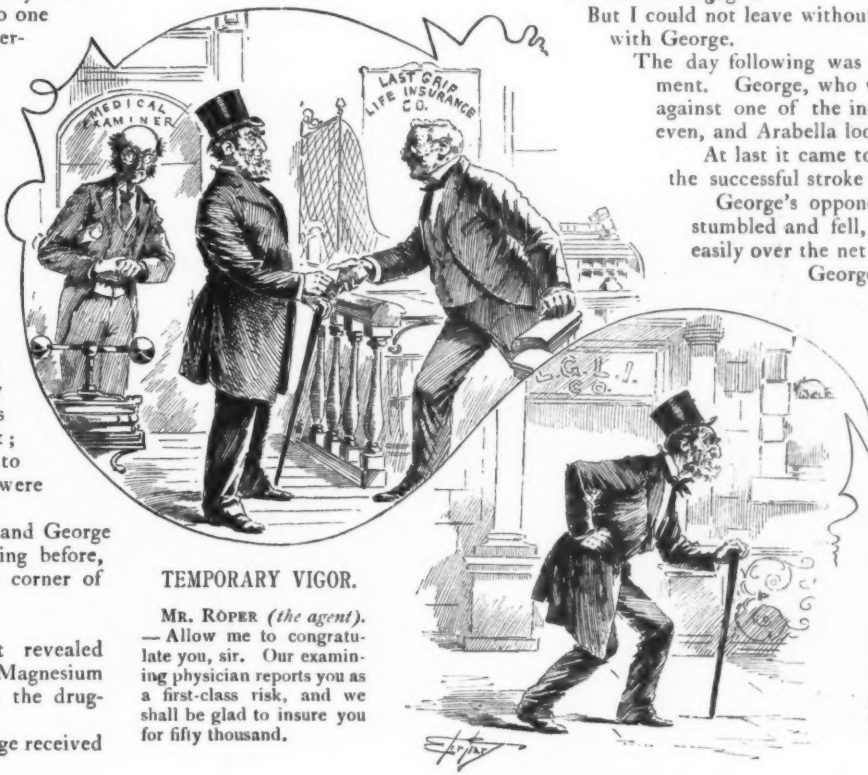
Dear Sir:

I will destroy the negative of the flashlight picture I took of the Quassasot House last night for twenty-five dollars.

Yours truly,

AMATEUR, P. O.

That afternoon, when I said at the post-office window: "Amateur,"



TEMPORARY VIGOR.

MR. ROPER (the agent).—Allow me to congratulate you, sir. Our examining physician reports you as a first-class risk, and we shall be glad to insure you for fifty thousand.

MR. DOUBLEDOFF (out on the street).—By ginger, that was a close shave! I had all I could do to keep the effects of that elixir in till I could get away from the office.



A HAPPY DISPOSITION.

REAGAN (the foreman).—What was your number in Hennessy's lottery, Feagan?

FEAGAN.—Wan hundred an' t'irty-four.

REAGAN (the foreman).—You're a dollar out. Seventy-three's won it.

FEAGAN.—Shmall bit do Oi care. Aisy come, aisy go! (Struggles up the ladder.)

I received an envelope from George containing twenty-five dollars, which I put aside toward a handsome wedding present for Arabella. For I knew that Arabella would allow no liberties from a man to whom she was not engaged.

But I could not leave without having a little more fun—with George.

The day following was the first of the tennis tournament. George, who was a fair player, was matched against one of the inepters. The games were very even, and Arabella looked on with eager interest.

At last it came to the final rally. Whoever made the successful stroke would win the match.

George's opponent, in making a half volley, stumbled and fell, just managing to send the ball easily over the net as he did so.

George assumed a graceful pose as he stood prepared to drive the ball to certain victory.

Toot!

My wicked scheme worked.

For an instant, such was the force of habit, George remained as if frozen to the ground. For an instant, but in that instant the little white sphere passed gently by him, and he had lost game, set, match, and was out of the tournament.

That night I started for the Maine woods. I should never have forgiven myself if I had not just received Arabella's cards to her wedding in October.

Walker Aken.

IT is no wonder that a square-rigged ship becomes a wreck-tangle in a storm.



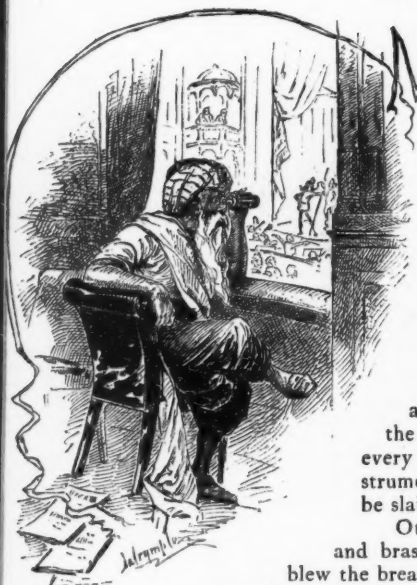
ONE SLAVE AND M



AND MANY MASTERS.

THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

LETTER VII.



MOHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, greeting and strange sounds. This day have I seen a sign and a wonder in this new land, and my ribs quake together because of the inability of my soul to grasp the understanding of the aforesaid sign and wonder. My friend hath taken me to hear a concert of the music of the country; and, behold, I am stricken with amazement. I saw a large assemblage of men armed with strange instruments. Most of them were somewhat like unto the Kermangeh, or sacred fiddle of the Mohammedans. It is of hollow wood, with a long neck, and has strings made from the intestines of cats, and I would that every person in the country had these instruments, so that more of the cats might be slain.

Other instruments there were of wood and brass, and into these stalwart Germans blew the breath of their lungs with great energy, and there issued forth many sounds like unto the squealing of hyenas and the roaring of lions on the plains 'round about the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon. And it seems that the men who play upon these musical instruments can not agree as to the performance of the music, and hence one man stands upon a platform and waves a stick, to the end that the others, by watching him, may keep together.

But all these things are the least strange of all that I hear concerning the music of the country. In the first place, I am told that the music is not written by the natives of the land, but is composed in Germany and imported at great expense. The people here will not have that music which is written by the natives, unless it is a skillful imitation of that made by the Germans, and then it is promptly condemned by the critics for its lack of originality. If a young American writes a composition for the instrument called the piano, and performs it in public, and it proves to be a good piece of work, the audience—composed of invited friends who do not pay the customary price of admission—applaud loudly, and the critics praise highly. But the young man is not asked to come forward again with his composition, nor does any one offer to pay him any thing to write more of the same sort.

But if a German player of this same piano comes to this country and plays the compositions of Germans who died years ago, who never visited America, and who had no connection with the land, then, behold! the people hasten in great numbers to hear him, and proclaim his skill throughout the length and breadth of the dominions.

But stranger still is what I shall now tell thee, O Brother-in-Law of the Date Palm! The people do not understand the music which they hear. This, I know, will cause thee to turn around three times, stamp upon thy shadow, throw dust in thy teeth, rend thy garments, snatch out the hair of thy head, and wail that thy friend has departed from the truth. But lo! I swear it to thee by the False Teeth of the Prophet and by his Sunday Turban, by the East Gate of Damascus, and by the Shadow of Caucasus. If that satisfieth thee not, write to me by what else I am to swear, and, as the street Arabs of Bagdad say, "I'll have to go you."

I know that these people understand not the music which they hear, for, in the first place, the newspapers employ persons to criticise the musical entertainments. And when a new composition is produced, these scribes write long essays, telling the people what the music means, whether it is good or bad, and whether it is well played or not.



NOT PREPARED TO DIE.

JACK. — What are you doing, Mabel?

MABEL. — Making angel cake; don't you want some?

JACK. — No, thanks; I don't want to be an angel.

Surely, we of Arabia never need such instruction in regard to our music!

But that is not all. I am told that the most admired composer is a German named Wagner, who recently died. And the people can not understand any thing that this man wrote, (and neither can the critics,) without studying books, written by Germans, explaining the mysteries of his music. And one young man of this town is gathering unto himself the shekels of all who pretend to love music, by going about giving explanatory lectures about Wagner and his work.

I say intentionally "those who pretend to love music," for, behold! those who really do love it are but few. It is deemed a sign of poor taste and of ignorance to admit that one does not love music. Therefore, thousands of persons every year spend many hundreds of valuable hours sitting in concert rooms and opera houses, (as they are called,) listening to music which they do not comprehend, and which is a weariness and vexation to their spirits.

And when the performance is at an end, these persons turn one to another, and exclaim: "Was it not noble? Oh, it was sublime!"

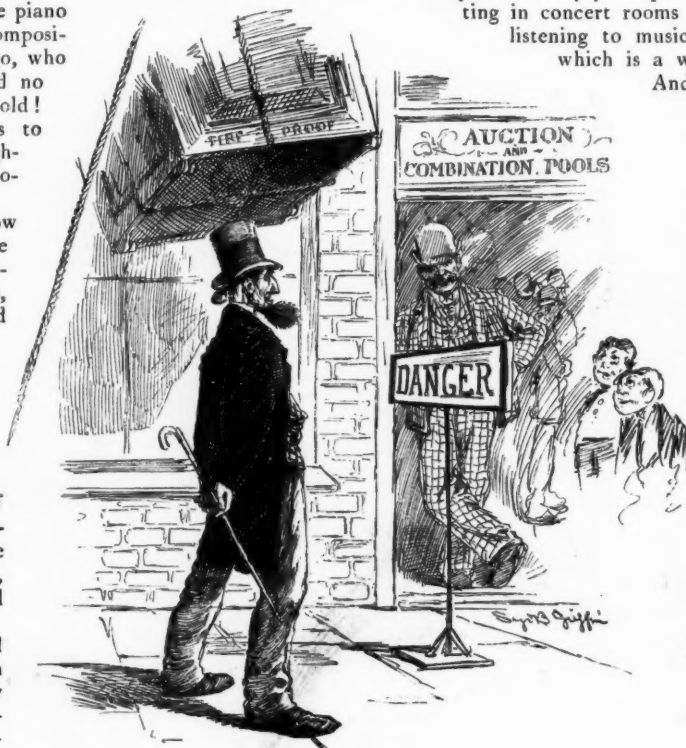
And they do this because they desire to appear to know as much about it as the few who really do understand and love it. But the few, as the Bedouins say, are "onto them just the same." These things, O Grandfather of the Sand-bug! I know will fill thee with wonder; but marvel as thou wilt, thou canst not marvel more marvelously than thy Mohammed, who sends thee herewith his love and longing, together with this dust from the feet of the great Statue of Liberty failing to enlighten the World.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

When me my weary parents threw
From the ancestral shanty,
I merely turned my footsteps to
My uncle dear *andante*.

WHO KNOWS the pains of being poor,
Heeds not what rich men may
endure.

REIGNING CATS AND DOGS — The Pets of
the Family.



AN UNCONSCIOUS WARNING.

MR. FARRACK. — I'll give you credit for one thing, Mister. You're th' frankest man I ever see.

COSTLY ACCOMMODATION.



WITTY MULVIN. — I've made a bet with my friend here, Sir. He says a man can't look right straight up in the air for one minute without gettin' dizzy, an' I say he can. Which is right?



MR. CORNSTACK. — You be, of course, an' I'll prove it fer ye.
WITTY MULVIN. — Thanks.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE JOINT.



EACH WEARY GUEST is worn to a ghost;
Oh, list to our tale of woe!
How we long for a rest from our landlady's roast,
But how she makes it go.
Oh, sing me a hymn of the luscious ham,
That never our table sees!
But only the limb of the ancient lamb
Whose sequences are these:

One day hot, and the next day cold,
And the third day "stew" is its name;
And the fourth day hash, but the same old joint
It gets there, just the same.

The markets groan with the fatted grouse
The stalls o'erflow with fowl;
I sometimes moan for a Chinese mouse,
Or a slice of toasted owl.
But ever the shape of the aged sheep
On the table lies alone,
And like funeral crape despair doth creep
As the same old rule goes on:

One day hot, and the next day cold,
And the third to "stew" we stoop;
And the fourth day hash, and the fifth sad day
The bone is in the soup.

If only the lamb were bred for the loom,
And his flesh was for food too coarse,
I'd care not a — for the lambkin's doom,
No more than the horse-car horse.
If the tariff tax would complete its tricks,
And the price to heaven should soar,
Such a state of facts would our landlady fix,
And we never would grumble more:

One day hot, and the next day cold,
And the third day greasily stewed;
And the fourth day hash — Will it ever reach
Innocuous desuetude?

A CERTAIN BANK puts on its doors "Entrance for Males" and "Entrance for Females." The doors are probably open to jackasses and sheep, as well as men and women.

SPOT CASH.

REEDER. — A penny for your thoughts.
DE RUYTER. — It's a go. That is more than the editors will give.

NO NEWS WHATEVER.

ERNEST PRIMROSE. — This is shocking! Here this Monday morning's paper devotes a column and a quarter to an account of saloons open yesterday — the Sabbath!!

ROWNE DE BOUT. — H'm! They've got to fill up some way, you know. There's always a dearth of news on Monday.



LEAVING THE SPA.

MRS. QUIZTIFF. — I wonder why they call that trunk a "Saratoga," Lemuel?

MR. QUIZTIFF. — Simply because it'll take all you've got, and not say a word.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXXX.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MINNEAPOLIS is located on the Mississippi River, a little above St. Paul, and — according to her real-estate agents — a little, very little, below the angels.

As to population, authorities widely differ; having two directories, it is somewhat difficult to arrive at the actual number of souls in the city.



The first directory contained about five pounds of names and three pounds of advertising, and was selling very readily, indeed, until a rival directory appeared with seven pounds of names and four pounds of advertising, when the sales of directory number one immediately ceased, and directory the second achieved a monopoly of the business. Persons owning both directories are in the habit of marking them volumes one and two, and thus persuading new arrivals of the impossibility of getting all the names into one book. Figuring, at the lowest estimate, 50,000 names to the pound, conservative Minneapolitans place the population at 250,000; but real-estate agents with heterodox views on future punishment, add the weight of both directories together, multiply by 50,000, and reach the reasonable figure of 600,000 as the actual population.

The popular idea that the citizens of Minneapolis spend their entire time in seeking to destroy the inhabitants of St. Paul is erroneous. A few of them are sometimes otherwise occupied — the police records showing that the burglary and house-breaking interests are well looked after, and are in a very thriving condition.

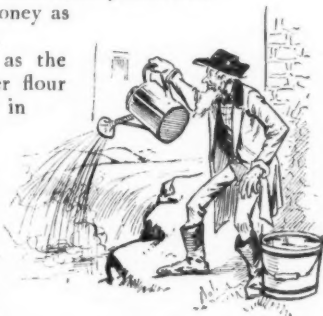
But a few years ago the wily Red Man was the only inhabitant of Minneapolis; shortly after, he divided the honors with the man from Maine; later came the white man; and, since then, Minneapolis has grown like the bean-stalk of Jack the Giant-Killer, until now she can and does borrow as much money as any city in the West.

Minneapolis is generally known as the Flour City, owing to the fact that her flour mills rank next in size and superior in quality to the well-known and widely-advertised Mills of the Gods.

The magnificent water-power of this city — the Falls of St. Anthony — is world-famous. Great care is taken to preserve this waterfall. In winter it is taken in - doors, and carefully guarded against inclement weather, and in summer it is well-watered nightly at Government expense.

The population of Minneapolis is divided into three general classes: Scandinavians, Real-Estate Dealers, and Chattel Mortgage Men, with a preponderance in numbers of the first, in ability of the second, while in wealth the last named far exceed the other two.

Examination of the files of one of the leading newspapers show that Society's mad whirl whirls like a whirligig in Minneapolis. To read the department headed "Northwest Social" in this journal is to learn that



the Flour City is right up to date on all things pertaining to elegant and refined social intercourse. The Grand Army affairs, alone, take rank with the most fashionable events in the effete East.

Camp Fires, at which Mrs. Martha Buttons recites "Barbara Frietchie," and Rallies, at which Past Grand Commander Goback Quickly sings "Marching Through Georgia" to the accompaniment of a base-drum and two untraveled fifes, keep up a mad rush of gayety all through the winter months.

Studying the same high authority, we find traces of cannibalistic habits in the notable occasion, last Wednesday, when "Mrs. Ole Olesen had a few friends for tea." Items such as these give one an attractive glimpse into Northwestern home life, and stimulate the thought that the

happy family of Mrs. Olesen enjoyed the remains of the few friends for breakfast the following morning. Then, what with pink teas, sheet and pillow-case parties, pumpkin socials and toboggan exercise, the belles and beaux grow jaded and worn ere the appearance of Lent.

The churches of Minneapolis are large and commodious. As a rule, their ministers are on very good terms with the world — can drive a good bargain when it comes to a real estate deal, and are not averse to a little speeding match on the avenue of a fair winter afternoon. They do not, generally speaking, command salaries in proportion to their abilities as preachers; but rather to their qualities as directors of amusement.

Few churches in Minneapolis are without an entertainment annex, wherein the church sociable, the amateur theatrical, and the time-tried and fire-tested church concert and Sunday-school variety show luxuriate and thrive. Hence, the minister who can draw the greatest crowd to his Wednesday night fraternal muffin-worry and oyster-chase, is paid the largest salary.

In front of many churches a bulletin board advises the seeker after divine consolation that at the hour of eight p. m. he can, for the small sum of twenty-five cents, be admitted to an entertainment by the young men of the congregation, some of whom will play upon the banjo, while others will sing "Old Black Joe" and "My Pretty Irene," greatly to the betterment of his sin-soiled and world-weary soul.

To speak of Minneapolis without referring to the "cold, dry climate" of the Northwest, is to roast the chestnut without using a fire. The "cold, dry climate" of Minnesota is the pride and joy of her citizens. With the thermometer at forty below, the cold, dry aforesaid comes to him with a realizing sense of its delightful qualities; and, knowing how cold it is, he begins to calculate its equal dryness, and is curled up neatly in an icy sleep before he can figure out the easy problem. It is great sport to watch these cold, dry figurers coming to the surface on the first mild days of early spring.

In Minneapolis one rarely sees an old man. The real-estate men say that the people never grow old; but the carping critic declares that they do not get a chance.



CONFIDENCE.

"So you think you can play 'Hamlet,' do you, young man?" asked the manager.

"I do," responded the applicant, firmly.

"And have you had any actual stage experience?"

"Certainly, sir, or I would n't undertake so difficult a rôle."

"And what parts have you played?"

"I don't know that you would call it a 'part,' exactly; but for three weeks I shock one end of the canvas waves in the great open sea scene, in 'Wrecked on Lake Mahopac.'"

ÆSOP EXPOSED.

When we were Careless Children we were told the famous Fable of the Tortoise and the Hare; but we always have Secretly disbelieved the reported Result of that Race.

The Bets were on the Hare.

Æsop did not divulge This, because the Book-Makers divided with him; but he Confessed it on his Deathbed. His Heirs concealed it, so as not to injure the Sale of his Book.

Now that the Turf Association and the Book-Makers have quarrelled, the Secret is Out.

Ed. Brown's
Ginger
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THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



The Great English Medicine. Generally affirmed to be "Worth a Guinea a Box."

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For Sick Headache,
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B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York.

who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention Puck.

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FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE
Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engs; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 15 & 17 BEKMAN STREET
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

A DARKEY whose beast of burden kicked with its front feet, congratulated himself on having a mule that worked both ways. — *Merchant Traveler*.

SULLIVAN is again making trouble for his friends and the police. At this distance it is safe to remark that Mr. Sullivan is no better than he should be. — *Jamestown Ex. Journal*.

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.

SPOKANE FALLS, the metropolis of Eastern Washington and Idaho. Business is good and wages excellent. Money brings from 8 to 12 per cent. on safe investments. For full particulars, address
CLOUGH & GRAVES, Spokane Falls, W. T.

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HOW Insured?
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Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl's, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed,
Albert Herbert
Er Page, Treas.

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WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore if you insist. They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy imitations on which they make extra profit. Look out for such 'dodgers.' Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of good shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

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PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise and instruction for six stamps. E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, N. Y.

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This spring is rapidly taking a position as the most wonderful mineral spring known. Its medicinal properties are such that it aids digestion and gives tone to the stomach, and no other water has equal effect on Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Gout, affections of the bladder, kidneys and kindred troubles. Physicians who have used this water find it the best known remedy for such diseases, and prescribe it in preference to all other waters.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,

UTICA, N. Y.

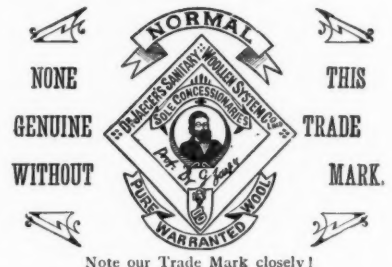
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BRANCH 199 Broadway, (W. U. Building,) New York;
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THE DR. JAEGER
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Garments made to order, a specialty.

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"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.



Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Style, \$1; Fountain, \$1.50 and up.
J. ULKICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.



\$3 Printing Press.
Prints all your cards and labels. Circular press, \$8. Size for small newspaper, \$44. Rotary Jobber, 9 x 13, \$100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

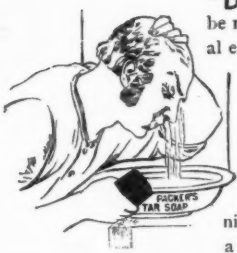


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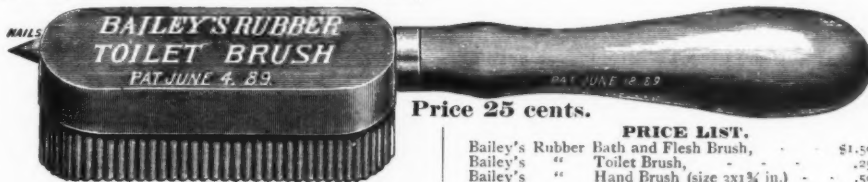
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THIS is very warm weather for the Summer girl to leave the seashore and return to the city, where custom requires her to wear clothes.—*Pittsburgh Chron.-Telegraph.*

THE WORLD may owe you a living, but no bad debt agency will undertake to collect it for you.—*Jamestown Ev. Journal.*

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SUN FUN.

A YOUNG lady generally finishes up her diary
 for the Summer with chap. won.

Is the man who gets tight on wine entitled to
 be classed as grape-shot?

A SWALLOW-TAIL coat may be just the proper
 thing for the bridegroom at a fashionable wed-
 ding, but for an elopement there is nothing like
 a cut-away.

THE theatrical profession is going to present
 George Francis Train with a vote of thanks for
 showing how to live through the Summer on the
 least possible sum.

A POUND of steel made up into hair springs for
 watches is worth \$140,000. If ever we get hold
 of a pound of steel, we are going to make it up
 into watch springs at once.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria thinks of
 bestowing the Order of the Bath on Thomas A.
 Edison. In order to make him feel perfectly
 at home, she will probably make it an electric
 bath.—Peck's Sun.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"I trust you will not think hard of me," he
 remarked, reaching for his hat.

"Sir," she answered, frigidly, "one who
 knows you can never think hard of you." And
 wandering homeward 'neath the electric light,
 he wondered what it was she meant to convey.
 —Harper's Bazar.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

WEDDING GUEST.—Where's the bridegroom?
 BRIDE.—Just gone out on a little errand.

WEDDING GUEST.—Something important, I
 suppose, or he would n't have left you so soon
 after the ceremony.

BRIDE.—Oh, yes; he went out to see if
 Papa's wedding cheque was good.—Epoch.

A LECTURE ON EXPLOSIVES.

The minister stubbed his toe as he ascended
 the lecture platform. "Darn—" he said, audi-
 bly, and then turning to the audience, continued,
 "—ley was blown up by gunpowder in 1567."
 —Harper's Bazar.

FINE CHOCOLATES.

The largest manufacturer of fine chocolates in America is Walter M.
 Lowney, who occupies two five-story buildings from cellar to roof at 97 to
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 Sold by storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. 373
 LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

RUSSELL HARRISON came over on the City of
 Paris upon her recent world-beating run. The
 enthusiasm of the passengers at reaching New
 York surpassed any such emotion ever shown
 upon an incoming steamer.—Detroit Free Press.

THE farmer who dosed his hens with sugar of
 lead in the hope of making typesetters of them,
 had previously tried to make bricklayers of them
 by feeding them on clay.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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The Best Antiseptics and Deodorants known to science. Do
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HE COULD HOPE.

"So," he said in a broken voice, "you refuse to marry me."

"I do," she said, calmly and firmly.

"And I may not even hope?"

"Yes," she responded thoughtfully, "you may hope."

"And why," he asked with renewed fervor, "do you say I may hope?"

"Because," she rejoined softly, "this is a free country."—*Merchant Traveler.*

MISSOURI'S DECADENCE.

EASTERN MAN.—Live in Missouri, eh? How is business down there?

MISSOURIAN.—Rather slack. Folks wot travels nowadays don't carry much with 'em.—*New York Weekly.*

THE *Chicago Liar* is the title of an illustrated comic paper recently started in the Windy City. On the first page of the copy which lies before us, is a cartoon labeled, "Chicago Gets the World's Fair," which is a pretty good lie to begin with, anyhow.—*Texas Siftings.*

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. C. B. Siebert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

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Personal Attractions.

Nothing adds so much to personal attractions as a **bright, clear complexion and a soft skin.** Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty color, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, viz.: the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is marred which would be enhanced by proper care.

DOWN TO HARD FACTS.
TESTY OLD GENT.—Huh! Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

YOUNG SUITOR.—Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.

OLD GENT (*subdued*).—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*New York Weekly.*

A GOOD MEMORY EXERCISE.—Try to Think on what Day your Subscription Expired.—*Prison Mirror.*

THERE seems to be nothing left for Boulanger to do except to come to America, and take a freak's salary in a dime museum.—*Texas Siftings.*

grow heavy mustaches, in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S 2 or 3 Puffs do it. For proof, send 10c for a bottle of Dyke's. For 50c, 4 for \$2.00, or 12 for \$5.00. Smith & Co., Palestine, Ill.

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